The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

The Coming of Spring.

Oh, sister! see these blades of grass
I found down by the river,
And all the trees are budding out
As beautiful as ever.

A robin red-breast, too, I saw
Up in the tree top singing;
And in the fields all round about
The clover is upspringing.

Please, sister, come into the fields
And spend a leisure hour,
Perhaps in yonder pleasant grove
We'll find the sweet mayflower.

It grows beneath the pine trees' shade,
Where only birds do gather
To chirp and sing and rear their young
All through the summer weather.

We'll listen to the sweet west wind
As through the trees it whispers,
We'll fancy we are in the church
And that 'tis evening vespers.

And then we'll visit papa's grave;
It must not be forsaken,
Though only dust is buried there
Which never can awaken.

I think we'll plant some flowers there,
For each flower is a token
Of His kind love and faithful care
Whose word can ne'er be broken.

We'll sit upon a mossy bank
And watch the sparkling river
Still flowing onward to the sea
Forever and forever.

We'll quite forget our weariness
And all our care and sorrow,
And have one hour of sweetest peace
Whate'er may come to-morrow.

A. S. T.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Well, we didn't get on much with our enterprise that time," said Alf laughing, when they were safe on the wharf again.

"Why, no, I never saw such a savage."

"He would not even hear what we wanted."

"Nor so much as listen to a question as to where the ship was bound."

"Why, no. He was a brute in his manners."

"I wonder if they are going to all be like that?"

"I think we shan't get along very fast if they are."

"Well, we'll hope for an improvement. We certainly can't find one much worse."

"They are not all like that, we know, because we have already found one nice man on the brig Magdalen."

"Yes, he was a nice one. The remembrance of his smiling face will wash out two or three such rough experiences as this last from mind."

"Yes, we'll try and think of the Magdalen and let this China ship go with the forgotten things."

"We don't know that it is a China ship."

"No, we don't even know as much as that about it. Well! the less the better, I say. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

"I should be glad if we didn't know as much as we do. To tell the truth, Alf, this kind of

treatment takes the starch all out of me. My knees knock together like leaves in the wind. I don't feel as if I had any strength or courage left."

"Oh, nonsense, John. Why do you care for that one cross man? You will never see him again, and no harm can come to us now from his sharp tongue."

"Harm enough has already come to make me unhappy for a long time."

"Why, John, you ought not to let little things trouble you so much. You will never get on in this rough world if you are going to wear all your nerves on the outside in that way."

"How can I help it?"

"I don't know that you can help it to-day, for you are not well, and little things always take hold of and trouble us more when we are not in full strength. But when you are well you ought to fight against this weakness of mind."

"Do you call it being weak-minded to be sensitive to unkindness?"

"Yes. Looking at it in one way, it is. When we are in no way to blame for any one's treating us unkindly, we ought not to be made unhappy by their treatment. We permit them a double privilege if we are so. It is enough that bad men can be permitted to make our outer circumstances without permitting them to enter in and disturb our inner world."

"I know it is foolish and I strive against it with all my might. Perhaps some day I shall be stronger than I am now and gain an easier victory over these little troubles."

"Let us hope so. For certainly your life will not be a very happy one unless you do contrive to get some of these tender spots hardened."

"Well, I will try and forget this little unpleasantness as soon as possible, and we will go on to new experiences."

"Which ship shall we try next?"

"The first one that we come to that has any one stirring about it that we can ask a question of without going aboard."

Alf laughed.

"Then you think we had better not try boarding another one."

"Well! I think it would be just as well to keep on safe ground if we can."

They walked on slowly. Neither of them felt in much hurry to make the second trial.

"Here is a ship that has men stirring on it. Let us venture up to it," said Alf.

It was a large merchantman, trimly built, and being newly painted and very neat in every part, it looked very pretty as they approached it.

"I guess we have hit upon the right ship this time," said Alf.

"It looks well, but I shall wait till I see the men before I fall in love with her."

The first man whose eye they met as they came near looked pleasant, and gave them a cheerful nod in answer to their salutation.

"Will you be so kind," said Alf, "as to tell us to what port this ship is bound?"

"Be sure I will. She is bound for Hong Kong when next she sails, I believe."

"Very good," whispered Alf.

"And can you tell me whether she wants to ship any hands for the voyage?"

"No, that I cannot tell, but you can speak with the mate if you would like. I think he will answer your question."

"Thank you, I would like to speak with him."

Away ran the obliging sailor to find the mate, and the boys waited anxiously for his return.

When he came, he said:

"The mate is engaged just now, but will see you by and by."

"Thank you, we will wait," said Alf.

So they sat down on the edge of the wharf to await his coming.

"Is the ship going to sail soon?" Alf asked of the man who had served them so kindly.

"That question I cannot answer. We sailors never know what the ship is going to do till the time comes for her to go."

Alf would have continued the conversation, but the sailors were all called to another part of the ship quite out of the reach of Alf's questioning.

There were ships loading and unloading near by where the boys were sitting, and the process interested the boys very much. There were ships coming in and ships going out, great sails running down and great sails running up, men climbing the ropes, going to the very top of the masts and coming down again as alert as cats, and looking more, as John said, like monkeys or rats running about than like men.

"Does it seem to you, Alf, that we shall ever be able to get up and down ropes like that?"

"Yes; why not? Haven't we legs and arms as well as those sailors? Why should we not be able to use them, as well as they use theirs?"

"I think you would soon find out that you couldn't if you were to attempt it."

"Perhaps I couldn't the first time I tried, but practice would make perfect in that as in everything else."

"How long do you expect to be learning to be a sailor?"

"I cannot answer that question. My skill as a learner will soon be put to the test, and then I shall know."

"It doesn't seem to me, looking at these men and their nimble ways, as if I could *ever* do what I see them do."

"Oh, I'm sure we can after a little practice. They make sailors of all kinds of men. I know no reason why we should be exceptions to the rule."

"I am sure my head will have to be steadier than it is to-day if ever I am able to go to the top of one of these tall masts. Why, it makes my head swim now to think of it."

"Your head will be better another day, I hope."

"If it isn't, I wouldn't give much for it. There is certainly room for improvement."

So the boys chatted on, and an hour went by. They had been so interested with the new sights and sounds that it had not seemed long to them. Yet when they heard a bell strike the hour, John started up saying,

"Why, Alf, this will never do for us. We have not time to waste in this way."

"It is not time wasted if we have a successful interview with the mate when he comes, and get berths on the ship."

"No, but the mate is surely not coming. He would have been to see us long before this if he had any intention of coming."

"Oh, wait a little longer. I think he will come."

John was persuaded and sat down again, but he watched the passing time, and when another half hour was gone, he said,

"Come, we will wait here no longer," and so, not a little disappointed, they moved on to take up their search otherwhere.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

GOD loves to have us pray with earnestness. The best proof of earnestness is simplicity. Better in God's sight are the broken but heartfelt utterances of a child than the high-flown utterances of some who think themselves wonderful in prayer.

The Impatient Hen.

THIS is the tale of a queer old hen
That sat on eggs exactly ten.
She made her nest with pride and care,
And weather foul and weather fair
You always found her at her post,
For patience was her daily boast.
Alas! how oft it is our lot
To brag of what we haven't got.
This will apply to hens, and men,
And boys, and girls.

Days passed, and when
The sun began to warmer grow,
And grass and leaves began to show
Their twinkling green on hill and vale;
When sweet and pleasant was the gale,
This queer old hen began to long
To join once more the noisy throng
Of idle gossips—half a score—
That strutted by the old barn door.

"O, dear! O, dear! here I am tied!
A weary lot is mine," she sighed.
"No gleam of pleasure do I catch;
Why don't these tiresome chickens hatch?
It worries me in heart and legs
To sit so long upon these eggs.
I'm sick of pining here at home;
O chicks, chicks, chicks, why don't ye come?
Your little houses, white and warm,
I've sheltered from the angry storm.

There's Mother Dominique, next door,
Her darlings number twenty-four,
And they've been out a week or more;
And now she wanders at her ease,
As proud and happy as you please.
So stir your pinky, little pegs,
My yellow bills, come out and walk,
Or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs,
And think they are but lumps of chalk!"

Then something rash and sad befell;
This old hen pecked each brittle shell,
And, not so wonderful to tell,
Her treatment, which was very rude,
Killed on the spot her tiny brood!
And now, despised by fowls and men,
She lives a broken-hearted hen!

This is the moral to my lay:
To reap success in work and play,
Why spoil whatever you've begun,
Thro' eagerness to have it done?
Remember poor Dame Partlet's fate;
Don't be impatient—learn to wait.

George Cooper.

A YOUNG man had just graduated with two college prizes, worth five hundred dollars. His mother's friends naturally said to her:

"You may well be proud of your son."

"I do not know about that," replied the widow; "but this I do know; Charles never cost me one anxious thought in his life."

What a son is that!

For the Myrtle.

Little Gardeners.

In the garden corner
Two small beds are laid,
At each one presiding
Stands a little maid.
Hoe beside her lying,
Apron full of seeds,
Little knows the sower
Whether flowers or weeds.

All the rows are fashioned,
All the seeds are sown;
"Now," cry out the gardeners,
"All the work is done.
Let us bring some water,
Soak them where they lie;
We shall have no flowers
If we leave them dry."

All along the furrows
Brooks of water flowed,
Made a running river
Down the garden road.
Drowned the beds all over,
Floated off the seeds,
Little matter now it was
Whether flowers or weeds.

H. A. B.

A Whole Day to do Nothing.

"IF I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons, only play all day—I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please, and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school; and they all envied her for having no lessons. She got her doll and played with it awhile, but was soon tired. She tried all her toys; but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal, but when it was over and her father away, she said wearily,

"Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing. If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patch-work, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them; for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and she presently said,

"Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he give us, we can't be happy."

He has very hard work who has nothing to do.—*Presbyterian.*

ANGER. To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

For the Myrtle.

May Flowers.

"I'M going after May flowers," said the voice that rung so gaily up to Minnie Cutter's window in the warm May morning.

"Oh, how I wish I could go!" the words almost said themselves but not quite, as Minnie looked down on her friend Ada in the carriage with her father and mother and baby brother, bound as she knew for a visit to Ada's grandpa's, a few miles from the city. The carriage was at the door and Minnie's mother at the doorstep talking with Mrs. Gray. Mrs. Gray had seen the look in Minnie's face if she had not heard the words, "how I wish I could go," and she was glad, for that was just what they had come for.

"Ada wants you to go with her to grandpa's," called Mrs. Gray to Minnie. "Wouldn't you like to? There is plenty of room."

"O then and there was hurrying to and fro," and scampering up and down stairs, and in a trice Minnie was ready and in the carriage be-

side Ada, and away they rolled out of the city and into the bright, green May morning of the country.

Ada knew well where the earliest flowers grew in the fields about her grandpa's house, and when it got warm and dry, in the middle of the forenoon, they went out to find them. The little flower they called the striped violet, pink and white, was the first they found, though it was not a violet at all, but a little star-flower with a long, nodding stem; and they found a few blue violets and wild peas, and along the edge of the woods the lovely mayflower, blushing pink through the pine-needles and filling the air with its fragrance.

It would have done one's heart good to hear the "oh-oh's" of delight with which these little city girls greeted each new flower they spied in the short green grass or among the dried leaves, as they ran about the fields. And then the wide, bright sky and the budding trees, and the birds whose songs twittered through all the air,—it seemed to the girls as if they had never dreamed before how great and beautiful the world is, or how glorious it is to have spring after the winter.

The dinner bell called them home with their hands full of flowers, which Mrs. Gray arranged in two vases for the table. Grandpa was going to pick a yellow daffodil from those just blooming in the yard, to put with them, but Mrs. Gray said it would spoil the effect of the pale wild flowers, so they had the wild-flowers alone in all their native beauty.

When they came to start for home, after a long and pleasant afternoon, the girls had their bouquets of mayflowers to carry home; and many people who passed their carriage said to each other, "those girls have been maying."

"What shall you do with your flowers, Ada?" said Minnie, when they were almost home.

"Oh, I shall put them in a vase on the sitting-room table, I think, and see how long I can keep them fresh. What shall you?"

"I have just thought," said Minnie. "Don't you know Johnny Messenger that lives in that beautiful house next door to yours? how he fell and hurt his knee on the ice ever so many weeks ago and can't go out of doors yet. I see him looking out so wishfully when I go skipping by the window, and I walk slow now so he shan't think of the difference."

"I know," said Ada, "you're going to give your flowers to him. Why, Minnie Cutter, you don't know him at all, do you?"

"I don't care," said Minnie, "I want to give my flowers to him and I shall."

Ada just put her bunch in Minnie's plump hand with hers. It was as many as she could reach around and she said no, Ada should give hers herself. But Ada preferred to go with Minnie and let her give the bouquet, for she herself had not courage.

Ada felt better, however, when she had asked her mother if it would be proper for them to give their flowers to Johnny Messenger, and she told them it was always proper to give flowers, and would be very kind in them indeed. So the moment they arrived at Mr. Gray's and the girls were lifted out, they were going to run around to the front door of the Messenger house to leave the flowers.

But Johnny Messenger, with a pale, weary face, was sitting at his open window in the afternoon, looking out "wishfully," as Minnie had said, as the two strong, happy girls came dancing down the walk. All day long he had been thinking about the bird songs in the trees, and the green grass and mayflowers in the fields, and wishing he could ever get out of doors again; but he did not expect the whole May to be brought in at the window as it was when Minnie and Ada came and handed in that great bunch of wild flowers, and Minnie said so brightly, "We thought you'd like to smell of them, because you can't go out and get them for yourself just yet."

Johnny couldn't say much for thanks, but they saw it all in his brightening eyes and the way he said, "oh, how splendid!" and drew a long breath as he took the great fresh bunch of flowers.

"There! what a happy time you have given me!" said Minnie as she left Ada at the steps, "I never knew it was such fun to get mayflowers."

"No, what a happy time you have given me," said Ada, "for the best part of all was giving them away." *H. A. B.*

Forgive and Forget.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide;

For thy step through life's path will be lighter
When the load from the bosom is cast;
And the sky that's above thee be brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure is passed.

From Mexico, N. Y.

Rev. W. L. Goodell writes from this place:

"I shall organize a Sunday School next Sunday morning. In connection with its work a thought has suggested itself. If some of our Sunday Schools would send us a dozen Sunday School service books that they have laid by, it would be of untold value to the cause of truth, and aid our school very much.

The society is doing nobly in many directions. The church is to be repaired; the amount of regular preaching doubled. Starting the school in the midst of all this work we cannot demand too much for it. A donation of second-hand books would encourage us indeed."

We can say in behalf of the Boston schools that two or three of them have just sent in other directions all the books they could spare. Are there not other reaeers who can take up this matter, and render this timely assistance to a new school?

From Muskegon, Mich.

Dear Myrtle:—It gives us so much pleasure to read the words of cheer under the head of that paper, the MYRTLE, that we felt it our duty to contribute a mite, hoping you would be pleased to hear from us.

We have an interesting Sunday School in our church every Sabbath, under the superintendence of Mr. A. Burch and the Rev. Mr. Crumb. We number nearly a hundred, old and young. What a grand sight thus to see those who are already ripe in the harvest enquiring, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and encouraging the little children to seek him early.

With many wishes for the prosperity of the MYRTLE and our Sunday Schools everywhere, we bid you good-bye.

FROM A TEACHER.

The School Street School.

The School Street School before leaving its old vestry had a charming entertainment on the evening of April 30th, with songs by the children and others, stereoptic views, refreshments and other accompaniments of a good one. Murray Hall, the old hall in the loft of the church formerly used for the school, was lighted with candles and received many visitors who wished to see it in this "light of other days." The school was very fully represented in scholars and teachers and a happy time was had, although touched with sadness at the thought of the last time.

On the next evening, May 1st, the present and past teachers had a reunion, with banquet and speeches by many old members of the school. The number assembled was not far from two hundred, and seldom is a finer band of lay-workers gathered than on that occasion. It will long be remembered by all present.

The First Robin.

Hark! there is the voice of the robin, the first we have heard since the winter began to disappear. How sweet and cheerful it is, and how welcome to us all. It turns our thoughts away from the sharp winds and snows and ices of the winter time, and reminds us of the coming green fields and flowers, and leaves and blossoms of the orchards, where robin's voice will be accompanied with notes of other sweet songsters, pouring out their glad strains to welcome the new season of summer freshness and beauty. Let us thank God for the providential succession of the seasons; for his goodness and mercy are seen in them all. Let us join with robin in its cheerful voice of praise to Him who takes tender care of all the birds that make the earth lively with their presence, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.

A Happy One.

Many years ago we read this little dialogue, which we think some of our young readers would be glad to learn and remember. A minister who thought himself quite a good and happy man, while taking a walk one morning, happened to meet with a poor beggar. This was their conversation:

Minister.—God give thee a good morning.

Beggar.—I never had an evil morning.

M.—God bless thee and make thee prosperous and happy.

B.—Nor am I unprosperous or unhappy.

M.—Whence came thou and whither art thou going?

B.—I came from God and am returning to him.

M.—Who art thou?

B.—I am a king.

M.—But where is thy kingdom?

B.—The kingdom of heaven is within me, so that my will and all my desires are subdued to the will of God. What he wills I will also; hence, I never had an evil morning, nor am I unprosperous or unhappy.

The minister thought he had learned a great lesson during his morning walk, and went home wiser than he was before.

A Hard Sum.

Here is a sum for the young folks. It is a sum of losses made by strong drink.

Loss of money.
Loss of time.
Loss of health.
Loss of business.
Loss of character.
Loss of friends.
Loss of conscience.
Loss of feeling.
Loss of mind.
Loss of life.

What a hard account! But it is an easy one to begin, and some boys are beginning it at beer shops and saloons, and other places. Look out! Think of the losses, and avoid beginning with them.

A Good Work.

The Massachusetts Temperance Alliance are pressing their work in Sabbath and in public schools. They have nine agents employed in public schools alone—eight clergymen and one layman. Their labors are not confined to an address alone. Each address is followed by the circulation of the pledge and an illustrated temperance tract is given to each scholar. Little can be accomplished without the pledge. In some schools all the scholars adopt the pledge. The Alliance has carried the pledge into two hundred schools since the 1st of October

——"Lying lips," says the Bible, "are an abomination to the Lord." Will the young bear this in mind? "Lie not one to another." Be honest and truthful in all your communications. "Buy the truth and sell it not." If falsehood is with you, throw it away at once, but keep the truth always.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXXVII

THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.

"My Father is the Husbandman."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xx. 1–16.

NOTE. Various facts of the kingdom of heaven are illustrated by various parables. The secrecy with which it extends itself is illustrated by the working of leaven; its greatness from the smallest beginning, from the mustard seed; its perseverance in saving men, by the finding of the lost sheep. No parable is a repetition of another. This parable of the laborers in the vineyards illustrates how men enter the kingdom unexpectedly and without long previous preparation.

Question. — What, in one respect, is the kingdom of heaven like?

Answer. — Math. xx. 1.

Q. — Where did he find these laborers?

A. — Math. xx. 3.

NOTE. Early in the morning was before six o'clock.

Q. — What did he agree to those he hired early in the morning?

A. — Math. xx. 2.

NOTE. The penny here mentioned was equal to about fourteen cents.

Q. — What did the householder do about the third hour, or nine o'clock?

A. — Math. xx. 3.

Q. — What did he agree to pay them if they would work in his vineyard?

A. — Math. xx. 4.

Q. — What did he do at the sixth hour, or twelve o'clock?

A. — Math. xx. 5.

Q. — Going at the eleventh hour, or six o'clock in the afternoon, what did he say to men remaining unemployed?

A. — Math. xx. 6.

Q. — What did they say in reply?

A. — Math. xx. 7.

Q. — Did they go to work?

A. — Math. xx. 7.

Q. — When evening came on, in what order did the householder pay the laborers?

A. — Math. xx. 8.

Q. — How much did he give each laborer?

A. — Math. xx. 9.

Q. — Who complained of this?

A. — Math. xx. 11.

Q. — On what ground did they complain?

A. — Math. xx. 12.

Q. — Why had they no ground of complaint?

A. — Math. xx. 13.

NOTE. The Jews claimed special favors of God because they had, as they claimed, served him so long. But Jesus taught that any man who entered the kingdom of heaven, when he had known God nor served him before, should have the same blessings as those who had entered sooner.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

My first is in song, and also in sing.
My second is in brought, but not in bring.
My third is in lie, and also in steal.
My fourth is in flour, but not in meal.
My fifth is in money, but not in gold.
My sixth is in hot, and also in cold.
My seventh is in county, but not in State.
My whole was a man both wise and great.

B. E. D.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 10, 9, 8, 4, is a verb.
My 12, 3, 9, 6, was son of Seth.
My 4, 11, 13, 9, 3, is the place of which Baalzebub was the God.
My 2, 7, 8, one of the names of God.
My 1, 5, 6, 12, is an adjective.
My whole is one of the proverbs. *B. E. D.*

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